A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, March 3. 1711.

IT Is very ſtrange to me, and ſeems to have ſomething of Fatality in it—— That ſome People can never have an Advantage on the Side of their Party, but they will Ruin it themſelves —— This has ſo conſtantly attended the High-Flyers in this Nation, that I wonder much they ſhould not have ſeen it before this Time, and have grown wiſer.

By this Method of theirs they always run thoſe that would go with them a-ground, becauſe they cannot go any farther, and put all Honeſt Men to the Neceſſity of either uſing them like Horſes, *viz.* reſtrain them with the Curb, or forſake and caſt them off as Mad-Men, that cannot be govern'd.

It is long ſince I foretold you all, Gentlemen, that whatever Miniſtry was ſet up, whatever Parliament was choſen, whatever Principles they profeſs'd —— When they came to Act, when they came to move in the Sphere of Repreſentatives, and in the Sphere of Managers— They *muſt be Whigs* —— I gave you the Reaſons at large; I told you it was a Whig Conſtitution, and it was impoſſible but it muſt be a Whig Adminiſtration——I know neither Whigs or Tories believ'd me; the Fears of the one and the Hopes of the other blinded their—

their —— But O ye blinded Generation of Thoughtleſs High-Flyers! Ye Sons of *October*, Pupils to your Deceivers the Inferiour Clergy, and Diſciples, of St. *Germains*! How are you now awaken'd? How do the Mad-Men that ador'd the Criminal, and with Eyes lift up, kiſs'd the Hem of the Gown of that Debauch'd and Condemned Prieſt? How do they Rail at the preſent Adminiſtration?

In the North, where I have the Honour to Retreat from your Clamours and Rabbles, I can ſee the Diſappointment; we were confidently told, the Parliament would Vote the Succeſſion of *Hannover* Prepoſterous, and declare the right Line; nay, the Queen, *God preſerve her Majeſty's Senſes*, was to demit in Favour of the Pretender in *England*; what Ridiculous Stuff was ſpread about, to make the new Rabbling Methods Rational? —— What a Heaven of Toryiſm were we to be brought to? And when the Church rid Triumphant upon the Mob, the High Flyers thought their Kingdom come.

And what is it come to now? Or as was Sung in Olden Times, *All's come to nothing when all's come to all*; now we ſee, if High Flying will run on at its old Rate, it muſt run by itſelf —— For indeed it has run the New M——y out of Breath; and all thoſe that would have favour'd it within any tollerable Bounds, are run out of Breath too, and in ſhort, it will at laſt run itſelf out of Breath, and faint, *October* itſelf will not fetch it again.

So fatal is the Principle to itſelf, that it never did, nor can take right Meaſures — When King *James* II. ſet up his ſtanding Army, and thought becauſe they were, as we may ſay, Mercenaries, and took his pay, they would do any Thing he commanded them; *much of which by the Way, was owing to the Doctors of Non-Reſiſtance, who perſuaded him they would do or ſuffer any Thing to be done for them*; but when I ſay the K. began his Work, and the King of *France* heard of it; That Penetrating Prince, whoſe Genius we all own, ſaid openly, *Does the King of England think to reſtore the Catholick Religion there, by a Heretick Army?*

I may put the ſame Queſtion to you, Gentlemen, in your new View of Affairs; Did you ever imagine to reſtore a Popiſh Succeſſion by a Proteſtant Parliament? —— Did you ever think to ſet up a Tory Adminiſtration upon a Revolution Settlement? —— Did you ever think to build High Flying Principles upon a Whig Conſtitution? Blind and Diſtracted People! What could you think you were a doing?

Damme ſays a High Flyer, juſt now turn'd Male-Content at the New Meaſures, *What a P——x do theſe People mean? What, do they think to make Tools of us?* — Wondrous ſtrange this is indeed, if a High Flyer could think or reflect? Tools of you? Why, what did you ever think they intended? Or what but Tools could they make of you? —— What but Tools are you fit for? —— What but Tools did ever any Party make of you? What but Tools did King *Charles* II. make of you? What but Tools did King *James* make of you? And what but meer Tools have the *Jacobites* now made of you? —— And the Nature of the Thing makes it impoſſible to be otherwiſe —— You will never be any Thing elſe but Tools —— And 'tis moſt Wonderful, you cannot read your Picture in your Employment —— Which you may ſee drawn in few Words by the incomparable *Hudibraſs*.

——— *A Tool*
Which wiſe Men work with, call'd a Fool,

Now is it not very odd, to ſee how nicely the new Managers work with theſe *Tools*, call'd High Flyers; how cleverly all the Buſineſs is done by the Agency of High-Church, but againſt its very Principles and Foundations: How neatly the *Jacobite* Gentlemen in a certain Place, have been brought in to Act the Whig, and to own the Succeſſion of the Houſe of *Hannover*? —— How cleverly they have been made to talk the Language of the Revolution, at the ſame time that they hate the very

Name of it, and Damn the Word: How finely have our High Church Men been brought with Patience, to hear the Parliament call the Diſſenters *Fellow Chriſtians*, in their Addreſs to the Queen; and how gently have they dropt the Clamour of the Church's Danger, reſolving it all upon the Atheiſtical and Deiſtical Books, the Authors of which are only found among themſelves? —— How have the Threatnings againſt the Diſſenters drop'd calmly through their Hands, and the Wholeſome Severities they promis'd themſelves, been laid aſide quietly? —— How have the Doctrines of Non Reſiſtance they made ſuch Work with, been laid aſleep? Not a Man of them Attempting to get a Parliamentary Sanction, either to that or the Hereditary Right, we had ſo much Noiſe about —— And were they not made Tools of indeed, who were prevail'd upon to expect it ſhould be otherwiſe? —— Nay have not the High Flyers made Tools of themſelves, to fancy it was poſſible ſuch Nonſenſe as they trump'd up, in the Fury of their Election-Zeal, could ever come to be talk'd in the Parliament —— Alas, theſe Things will not ſpell in the Language of a Revolution Parliament; there are no Vowels to give ſound to the Words; Non-Reſiſtance, Hereditary Right, Excluſive of Parliamentary Limitation, Paſſive Subminſſion, Divine Right of Succeſſion, Right Line; and all that Jargon of the late Tyrannick Tory Days, they are not Parliament Words; a *Britiſh* Houſe of Commons cannot ſpeak the Language, 'tis all Popery in the State, and a Proteſtant Miniſtry, however otherwiſe Principl'd before, has neither a Mouth to ſpeak, a Foot to Step, or Hand to act on that Scheme.

A High Flyer then coming into Meaſures with any Party, to get a Miniſtry, or a Parliament, or a Queen, to carry on his *Mahometan* Cauſe —— What can he be but a Tool? He muſt be ſo, he makes himſelf ſo, and he will ever be ſo, to the End of the Chapter.

APPLICATION.

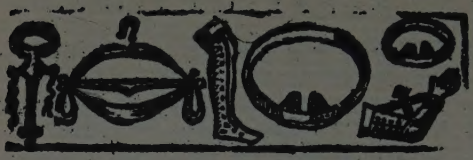
I Addreſs this therefore, to the Gentlemen that are at this Time Wonderful buſie in Expoſing and Diſperſing a Book formerly Publiſh'd by King *James*, *viz.* a Book of Depoſitions about the Birth of the Pretender.

King *James* himſelf call'd it afterwards a low Step, *and ſo indeed it was*, to expoſe the Nudities of a Cauſe, the Evidence and Demonſtration of which, were eaſie to have been made, IF REAL, before, and impoſſible afterward; and which Demonſtrations and Evidences to have been in Seaſon, had been their Duty to the People, and their Intereſt to themſelves, had they known their Intereſt or regarded their Duty.

But as that very Book was the greateſt weakening and blow to the Thing, that any Body could have ſtruck, and as King *James* himſelf ſaw afterwards, it did more harm than good —— So really will the Publiſhing it do now, *I mean to them*, and for my part, I would be ſo far from preventing it's Publication, that were it in my Power, I would diſperſe Ten Thouſand of them, for my own Share; there are ſo many Tokens of an Impoſtor, ſo many plain Deficiencies of what Proof might have been made; ſo many fulſome Follies, ſurfeiting Blunders, ſuch broken Evidences, faltering Accounts, Circumlocutions, and very weak low ſteps indeed, that it is out of every wiſe Man's doubt, that the Depoſitions left the Cauſe in a dirtier Condition than they found it, *and ſo it will be now*, and therefore I would have them by all Means, expoſe it to Sale.

ADVER.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



BARTLETT of *Goodman's-Fields* who has been ſo ſucceſsful in the Cure of Ruptures, by Steel Spring-Truſſes, with Joints or without, ſo wonderfully light and eaſie, that one of the largeſt Size, ſeldom exceeds 4 Ounces in Weight, and one of the ſmalleſt rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce.

He is to be ſpoke with, the Forenoon every Day at his Houſe, at the Golden Ball by the Ship Tavern in Preſcot-Street in Goodmans Field, London. And the Afternoons at the Golden Ball over againſt Cheapſide Conduit, near St. Pauls.

N. B. For Privacy, he will attend any Gntleman at any Place, near the Places and Hours bove-mention'd. Thoſe, who live in the Country, may be ſupplied by ſending Letters.

N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the late Mr. *Chriſtopher Bartlett* liveth at his Houſe aboveſaid, and is very Skilful in the Buſineſs to thoſe of her own Sex.

A New Treatiſe of the Venereal Diſeaſes; In two Parts; the firſt of which Treats, 1. Of the Name and Orignal Cauſe of this Diſeaſe. 2. Of the Eſſence and Nature of the Infection. 3. Of the various Ways of Giving and Receiving, Symptoms firſt Diſcovering, an infallible Way of preventing its Infections. 4. Of a C— and its Symptoms. 5. Of the Cure of a C—. 6. Of a ſimple Gonorrhea, and all Weakneſſes in Men and Women; and their Cure. 7. Of a confirm'd P—, and its Cure. 8. Of Mercury, its good Effects, and how to Remedy its ill Effects. 9. Of the P— complicated with other Diſeaſes. 10. Of Diet, &c. proper for Venereal Patients. The ſecond Part contains an effectual Anſwer to Mr. *Martin's* Treatiſe concerning the Venereal Diſeaſe, and the Charitable Surgeon, Sold (Pr. 18*d*) at my Houſe the *Golden Ball* between the *Sun* and *Caſtle* Taverns in *Milkſtreet Market, Cheapſide.*

Printed for and ſold by *John Baker* at the *Black-Boy* in *Paſter-Noſter-Row.* 1711.